

Mr. D. W. Bridges

"C. L. Hool & Co., Lowell, Mass.; Dear Size:-During the winter and spring have used a dozen bettles of Hood's Sarsapa rills in my family, and I am quite sure we have been greatly benefited by it. For years I have been troubled with indigestion, accompanied

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

by sympathetic heart trouble, and Hood's Earsa parlila has done me very much good. We have parilla has dure the very much good. So have also given it to the children for impure blood and ringwarms with very good results."—D. W. Bunngg, Pleasant littl, Gregon.

N. B. If you becide to take Hond's Sursapa

rilla do not be induced to buy any other.

AS NAW AND Frame, for farm and camputs one if it



ed in the countrastian of its fixed Term lingram, 21 2 2 2 2 shows the smalle I by it in the corner posts of Tower. For the 16-ft was use 4 x 4. Thousand way, sold-railed and very straight and afy given them any information after the case of a far val.

Asymptote Co proposes in distribute \$500 SR CASH IN Asymptotic Coupling the case of case of case of the case of t

WHE SMOULD LISE AN ARRESTOR I' For cond 8-ft. 825. - 12-ft. 850. 16-ft. 8125.

Increased Appetite is one of the first good effects felt by users of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with Hypophos phites. Good appetite begets good health.

Scott's Emulsion s a fat food that provides its own tonic. Instead of a tax upon appetite and digestion it is a

wonderful help to both. Scott's Emulsion arrests the progress of Consumption, Bronchitis, Scrofula, and other westing diseases by raising a barrier of healthy flesh, strength

pared by Scott & Sowns, N. Y. Ali druggists.



and nerve.

No Hatchet Needed To Open this Can. For Hog Cholera this Lye is a tire car: If used in time.
For making soop, cleaning house, softening waits, is like no equal.

The Housewife's Best Friend. A valuable washing receip n each can. For sale by al rocers. It will excurbe you



W. N. U. Denver. & L XL No. 549 B. When writing to advertishes please may that you saw the "dyertisement in this paper,

国際的な 大変なない ニュー・

in the middle fire was, and the other rooms were so cold that his fingers grew

numb and dropped the brushes. He made numerous futile attempts to warm his hands at the grate and rush off to paint while the warmth lasted. but these were slow, discouraging results. Being an artist was far from Ljoy-producing condition under the existing circumstances, he reflected. He wanted to finish the picture he was loing-a mere something which would ontribute to keep the kettle simmerng while he awaited developments in ther directions-but somehow the ask was not easy. His friend Pratt and been more than kind to house him gratis so many weeks, but Pratt was only a clerk inhabiting a cheap apartment from which he was absent all day, and it was too bad imposing on his good nature. Weatherly, as dusk came on, felt that territying sense of leaperation that comes over all ambiious young artists when they have o confess themselves defeated by

ginning of the winter weather. Re- sought to catch the tint of the encurring in this latest occasion it sickened him almost beyond endurance. He put tway his brushes with a savage morement and threw himself own it a rocking chair before Pratt's easart fire. Moodily regarding the itful fame he asked himself if it were not fol'y to continue the struggle. Of what i'se to drag out a hopeless career longing and failure? The life of is friend Pratt was preferable. He ould slmost have exchanged his own

or sich another. Bit now? Well, he wished that he and never left the tropies to come orth for the great exposition. What and he gained by coming? A little ore knowledge of art-and of misery. What had he achieved? Tied hand and out by lack of money; frozen in body nd stagnant in mind; his ideas dulled, is inspiration dead.

A door opened and shut; a voice, ommon-place and contented, aroused

ing 'extras' all night. Why, a crank pale phantom of a desire, but rather a

m glad to get home to it. Been new year?

tretching his long limbs comfortably

and throwing back his blond, neat In a mirror across the room the artist caught sight of his own con-

"No," he answered, slowly. "Nothng wrong. Things move slowly in my line-that's all. There are agreat any hinderances. Had a bad sort of ight to-day and I didn't get on very ast. " I'll make up to-morrow-I'll vork on those pen and ink drawings."

Pratt laughed lazily in the fire-"That's right. Never saw a fellow who had more irons in the fire. You'll strike luck one of these days. Rich,

"I hope so. Did you have your dinner, or shall I go out to buy the things? I think I d like a little out-

door run. "No I haven't dired. I brought a parcel, but we really need some coffee. I'm afraid you'll find it pretty bitter outside.

"It won't burt me." teatures as he harried over to the street where the stores were. The loud eries of the newstoya rang javringly

In life care.

Assassinated! The great and liberalminded governor shot down? Was there none to interpose? Why had newly purchased, it appeared. not some one been there to strike aside the murderous hand? He would | what it meant, the artist had replied have tione it -he, if only fate had gravely that tramps and murderers written that he should be at the spot were committing orimes everywhere the an electric fantasy the scene and that no house scemed secure. flashed through his brain and was | Pratt had been able to sleep as usual, cheid by his soul's eyes. The dis- but his uneasiness had begun in earnguished man stepping from his nest in the morning, when he saw the arriage with perhaps a single attend- revolver go into the artist's pocket int: the assassin at one side, silent. etraying no pu pose; then suddenly he quet drawing of the weapon, the the good-hearted fellow asked himself. eliberate aim-but even at that mo ."He has grown so despondent. I'll family of eight children in the front nent the darting movement forward | coax him to put it aside to night, when | row of the balgony, after instructing of another human shape, that flings I have a chance." itself upon the assarsin, and wrenches | It was past noon when the million-

and scutties with him to the earth. In sire and his handsome sons came seconds the discharging of the deadly | sion. weapon, but, thank God, only into "It is going to snow, boys," said empty air! Voices and fares closing the father. "I am sorry we didn't excitedly around in an impenetrable have the carriage, after all. But we vali shouts of courage and splendid shall need umbrellas; go back for presence of mind the word here! It | them.

and fr ends!

"A print of your best coffee," he ition's other arm had clutched the one town,

A fortnight had passed. The young artist seemed to walk in a dream-The cold had lessened, and by day he went constantly about the streets. The picture on the casel had been hurriedly finished; he had not begun another, but worked only at his pen and ink drawings by gaslight through the long evenings. To his friend Pratt he appeared moody and queer.

The clerk at length questioned him "I say, old fellow, anything serious courred? You don't seem quite yourstelf."

Weatherly looked at him with bloodshot eyes.

"I am waiting for something-the chance of my life. It comes to every human; it's got to come to me. If it doesn't come between now and the New Year I'll give up. I won't wait any longer.

"You mean you'll go away?"

"Yes, I'll go away." "Somewhere where it's warmer," suggested his friend; 'you feel the cold so much. "Very likely where it's warmer,"

said Weatherly with a shade of firm-Pratt looked puzzled, but said no

But the artist went on walking the streets. It was not utterly new-the fantastic desire, the frenzy of expectation. From early youth he had dreamed vague dreams of distinguishinertia er lack of inspiration or even ling himself, of leaping to sudden apropitious surroundings. The "diem | glory by a single unhesitating, heroic perdide' refrain that burdened his deed. Down there in the tropics it thoughts was one he had heard before had come to him at old moments in and only too frequently since the be- cloudless afternoons, when he had



A GUANT APPARITION. chanting mountains' haze and fix it on 'Ha, old man! Getting warmed up? his canvas. Perhaps it had even tell you this is dandy weather-for lurked among the plans that had led he coal barons. Guess my ears are him back to the North. But never rozen, after all. Say, what do you with anything like the definiteness of as shot the governor. In broad day- something certain in the near future. ight-getting out of his carriage on a | The chance of his life would soon ar-

The artist grouned, got up and ing!

walked into the next room, came back and grouned again "I wanted to call on him; I wanted to talk to him on a expecting so confidently. Was it some abject of immigration restrictions. relative who should die and leave him had some suggestions to offer him; a legacy? Was it the drawing of a know he would have listened-they lottery prize? Why should Weatherly were about diverting the immigrants pore over the daily papers with such off to the tropi by it is a final plans if the "good luck"—whatever it way. "I tell you this fire feels good might be—should fail him before the

The clerk's curiosity was a grain too Balth oing a lot on that picture to-day,

coherent reply about "danger" and ing a weapon, sized a bronze orna-"protection" Later on Pratt was ment and bold; started on a tour of surprised to find his friend had been investigation. Entering the dining trasting dishevelled black locks and exciting himself over the report that hollow eyes in a clear-cut, melancholy a well-known millionaire of this city chairs as a paliminary warning to had been visited by a stranger of seedy aspect-presumably a crank- surprise them The ominous sounds who had declined to wait or state his continued, howver, and cold chills business. Weatherly next startled began chasing each other in rapid him by inquiring the nearest way to transit style up and down his the house of the millionaire in spinal column. Urged on by en-

question. Pratt, being in a hurry to get away to the office gave him some hasty information and hurried out; what Weatherly's interest in the matter might portend he wondered, and wondered for a long time until a brilliant idea occurred to him, namely, that the artist wanted to make sketches of the mansion—and possibly of the of the mansion-and possibly of the the incident

The last week of the year had slipped away-all but a single day. With his sons at home from school on their holiday vacation the millionaire was too well occupied to think of danger to himself. Nor had the He hardly minded the air that stung servants' eyes for any forlorn figure is forshead and numbed his other in shabby overcost passing and repassing in the avenue. It was a cold,

dall day, there was not even snow. Pratt had gone to the office with just a tings of uneasiness in his mental condition. Weatherly had shown him a revolver the night before,

And when he had ventured to ask before he set out.

"What if he should mean saicide?"

the terrible straggle of those few down the great stone steps of the man-

was the chance of a life-fer fame | He sauntered out toward the curb, turned and looked cityward down the Clyde Weatherly stool in the small | avenue. Behind him, suddenly as if overy, gazing vacantivat the white- risen out of the frozen earth, a man' they simply taxq off the few clothes mond cherica Perspiration was approached. At the light footstep the they otherwise wear."-Texas Siftasfing from every pore. He had millionaire faved about and stood ings. appel total courts from a momen- stone-still A great apparition, with icy heaven of internation. The wild, insecting eyes, for just the space hancs of his life had not get some to of a second, leveled a pistol at his expense, constructing a rallway

said, faintly, "and you may grind it, if that held the revolver. The figure fought with Itself! Both hands were at its own throat, schoking itself, while a husky, despairing cry for "help" came from its lips. In another instant came a flash and a loud report. The struggling figure fell to

the earth. He was dead. In the struggle the pistol had been discharged. The chance of his life had some when Clyde Weatherly had gone mad to meet it.

HIS DEAR MISS WOOD, Why Two Swells of Denver Do Not

Speak Now. The society people of Denver are enjoying a joke at the expense of two swell men about town, rays the Re-publican. It is a funny story and is based on an occurrence that one would hardly believe could happen outside of a morel. One of the sictims of this affair is

a man about lifty years of age, but who looks mich older, in spite of his black wig dyed mustache and youthful style of dressing. The other a not yet twerty-five and is as youthful in appearance as his age would indicate

The two mea met at a social gathering the other night and were in-

Wood " Ever by in the room with the possible exception of the swell young man and a friend, knew that this effort was about a Miss Wood, a sweetheart olds old swell, whom he was in the light of referring to in the most sedimental terms whenever he could anybody to listen to him. It see I hat she was the daughter of a captain and was drowned some menty five years ago. When the eller man got to the

sixth verse (there were five more) the young swell unable to control his laughter, only shricked with merriment, and then to hide the outburst and not alend the older man, fell upon the floor and pretended that he had faleted. He was speedily brought to his jenses, and a very few questions were asked, for every-body except the golfer understood the situation, and his friend lead him out with the ejouse that he needed A few days for the author of

"Miss Wood" met the obliging friend and asked if there was anything in the poem that had effected the young

swell "Why, yes," opiled the one addressed, while its brain quickly conceived a story, a "Young Blank was engaged to be married to a Miss Wood, who dies at sea, and when think has happened? They'll be call- now. For now it was no longer the you mentioned her name in the poem the other night it awakened recollections worked him up to such a point to be fainted."

big'it—getting out of his carriage on a public street.

The chance of his life would soon argive. And thus it was he walked that the local that the litter December were weather, hollow-cyed, gaunt, with serious, almost frowning brow, but ever alert of bearing. Waiting, watching!

The artist grouned, got up and walked into the next room, came back and grouned again. "I wanted to call wondered what the poor fellow was that the local wondered what the poor fellow was that the local that the local wanter ing!

As the days were on his friend Pratt, we would soon arguet a like a local that the local that

omHT-Which Did Northeast his wife

The clerk's curiosity was a grain too strong to be suppressed one morning when he saw the other breathing hard over a paragraph in the newspaper just brought in.

"What is 11?" he asked, and throwing back his blond, neat the saw the other breathing hard over a paragraph in the newspaper just brought in.

"What is 11?" he asked, and Weatherly stammered some halfroom he managd to overturn several the invadors, a he did not care to couraging stap whispers from his rich man himself. Then Pratt forgot he soon found that he was un-the incident. hurt and agan advanced on the kitchen. Thistlme he entered and lit a match, bullust then the kitchen door shut with bang, putting out the light and ficreasing the terror which had taken possession of him. After another streat the kitchen was again entered Lad this time the gas was lighted. Then surprise took the place of fear. The kitchen looked as if a small-sigd cyclone had struck it. Broken chma and glass encumbered the floor and everything was In confusion. But no burglar could be seen. Searching further the cause was soon discovered. The wife had put up a quantity of catsup in bottles and placed these on a shelf. During the night the catsup began to fer-

ment Several bottles had exploded. throwing surrounding objects to the floor and creating havor generally. Fullowisz Instructions. The story is fold in Vogue of a French comedian who, upon the occasion of his first appearance at the Comedie-Française, established his them that they should cry out gleefully upon his entrance, which instructions they carried out faithfully, exciaiming with as one voice.

Bravo, papar

Fait Mearaing Costume.
"What do the natives do in Africa when they go into mourning for their relatives? Do they wear black?" relatives? asked Mrs. Portly Pompous of a returned explorer.

"If it is a very heavy bereavement

A Ronmania, lady is, at her own bosom. The next instant the appar- from one of her catates to the nearest

Highest of all in Leavening Power. Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

Not What They Were. Since the well has fallen into partial disuse, the Turkish woman has also departed. Ma-rion Crawford tells us: "The yashmak is rion Crawford tells da: "The yashmak is not what it was ten years ago and has almost ceased to hide the fase at all. Strict as the Sultan's ordinator is, there is not the alightest pretense of obeying it and in the great majority of cases a thin white well barely covers the forehead and is but loosely drawn under the chin. The cross-band which used a cover the rose above the even the rose above the even the rose. to cover the nose above the eyes has entirely to cover the nose above the eyes has entirely disappeared, or is worn only when ladies appeared in public at such places as the Sweet Waters, or in their kalks on the Golden Horn and the Bosporus. It must be admitted that with the disasse of that old-fashioned veil a great illusion has disappeared from the streets of Constantinople. There was something very mysterious about it. Black eyes never looked so black and deep and liquid as when seen by themselves, as it were, between

Didn't Taste Good. The 3-year-old boy of an editor on the East Side has a negress for a nurse. She is black and the little chap would never give a reason for withholding the osculation. Finally, one day last week, he succumbed to the pleadings of the nurse, and yielded the kiss. Immediately it was given he ran to his mother crying: "I kithed Hesty, and her don't taste good."—
Kansus City Times.

Brace the Nerves. Sedatives and opinies won't do it. These ner-ines do not make the nerves atrong, and falling vines do not make the nerves strong, and falling to do this fall short of producing the essential of their quictede-vigor. And while in extreme cases—and these only—of nervous irritation such drugs may be advisable, their frequent use is highly prejudicial to the delicate organism upon which they act, and in order to rensw their quieting effect increased and dangerous doses eventually become necessary. Hostetler's Stomach Bitters is an efficient substitute for such permicious drugs. It quiets the nerves by bracing tuning, attempthening them. The connection between weakness of the nervons system and that of the organs of digestion is a strong and sympathetic link. The Hitters, by imparting a healthful impulse to the digestive and assimilating functions, promotes throughout the whole systems a vigor in which the meryes come in for a large share. Use the Bliters in malaria, constipation, billous and kidney trouble. It is sad to see family relies sold at auction

but the most painful thing under the ham-mer is generally your thum.b-hall. #S-25 to California-This is our sleeping car rate on the Phillips-Bock Island tourist excursions from Des Moines to Los Angeles or San Francisco, via Omaha, Lincoln and the scenic route and Ogden. You can go with Phillips, the best of all excursion managers, for he has each party accompanied by a special agent who goes the entire trip with patrons. These personally conducted excursions leave Des Moines once a week,

Wednesday. We have also a daily tourist car ser vice, via our Southern route through the beautiful Indian Territory and Fort Worth to Los Angeles and San Francisco. Apply to Charles Kennedy G. N.-W. Pass. Agt., Omaha, Neb. G. P. A. G. R. L. & P. R. C. Chicago.

Honor to whom honor is due Let it canger bores than others. ... How's Thul. We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for ny case of Catarrb that cannot be cured by

Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & THEAX, Wholesale Druggists,
Toledo, O.; WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Festimonials sent free.

Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

A druggist in Philadelphia is on trial for illing fifteen cats. In any other town than the wood-and-water station opposite Camden the druggist would be crowned with bays and his birthday would be made a legal holiday. No Safes Remedy can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat, than "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.

When a man has a screw loose you cannot mend him by making him tight.

The worst kind of a church member is that one who is always out of sorts with his pas-or. A small hornet can spoil a good-sized samp-meeting, and a disgruntled church number can overthrow the work of a church.

The Modern Invalid Has tastes medicinally, in keeping with other luxuries. A remedy must be pleasantly acceptable in form, purely wholesome in composition, truly beneficial in effect and entirely free from every objectionable quality. If really ill be consults a physician; if constituted by uses the confic family layering saied be uses the gentle family laxative syrup of Figs.

AN 11-INCH STRAWBERRY. Who would believe it? Strawberries as large as apples—yet it is so. Salzer's catalogue is brim full of the rarest kinds refing the other hight and were introduced to each other for the first time. During the evening the eider gentleman, why writes verse that he calls poetry, was asked to read one of his compositing.

He chose a Tice entitled "Miss Wood," Even with the recent which its absence now generally discloses. One is inclined to doubt whether the mirror is in common use in the harem of to-day. Waserly.

He chose a Tice entitled "Miss Wood," Even with in the recent with the recent which is a though of hardy, ironclad fruits such as straw-berries, currants, blackberries, rearrants, blackberries, rearrant on the Rhine in Germany.
It You Will Car This Out and Send It
With 55c to the John A. Salzer Seed Co.,

La Crosse, Wis., you will receive their small fruit giants—Eleagnus Longipes, and ugly as to facial features, but seraphic as to disposition, and loves her charge with the affection peculiar to her race. She had never been able to persuade him to kiss her, in their mammoth catalogue, which is sent along for the 55c, or catalogue alone, 5c postage.

There are tender-hearted men in the saloon

Somebody's Good. To make our troubles the means of helping the troubles of others is a noble effort for and rhoumatism set in I was lame three years and very bad most of the time, I got St. Jacob's Oli and put to on three times and it made a oure. I am now in good health."

A cure certainly can not be expected from ouffs, powders, douches and washes. Ely's Cream Balm, which is so highly recommend

Poc-s take in the beauty of nature. Their

160 World's Fair Photos for \$1. These beautiful pictures are now ready for subscribers. Remittances should be made by draft, mon-

Winter Bates to Texas Points Itall, Colorado Passenger Agent, 1700 Caw tence Street, Denver, Coto.

lishing Co., Denver, Colo., and get a sample copy of The Road and one of their great English Octopus maps free.

To enjoy a warm spring sit on a hot flat fron placed on a chair by your wife.

ood. A well illustrated evidence of this good. A well imistrated evidence of this kindly aympathy is shown in a letter from Mr. Enoch L. Hauscom, School Agent, Marsh-field, Me., an old Union Soldter. He says: "It may do somebody some good to state, I am a man of 60 and when 40 had a bad knee

A ben is a very superior creature, but she

The usual treatment of catarrh is very unatisfactory, as thousands can testify. Proper ceal treatment is positively necessary to suc-ess, but many, if not most, of the remedies a general use afford but temporary benefit. od, is a remely which combines the important equisites of quick action, specific curative nower with perfect safety and pleasantness to

vives take in washing.

These centrici pictures are now ready for delivery in ten complete parts—16 pictures comprising each part—and the whole act can be secured by the payment of One Dollar, sent to Gzo. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent Chicago, Milwaulice & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Iil., and the portfolios of pictures will be sent, free of expense, by mail, to subscribers.

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For additional particulars and printed mather regarding Texas call on or "ddress 8". P. Hall, Colorado Passenger, Appul, 1700 750.

A straight flush is hard to hold simply be-ause the man who has it is apt to give his hand away. Send two 2-cent stamps to The Road Pub-

Parties desiring to either buy or sell news-papers will find it to their advantage to cor-expond with J. S. Temple, Box 1611, Denver,

The vain man never can see any excuse for

In France the first labor colony was ed in 1892, at La Chalimelle, depart the Marne, about fifty miles from P contains an area of 310 acres, which contains an area of 810 acres, while a lease to that city. The total cost colony for the year 1892-3 was \$0,500. 1 -- receipts from the sale of products were \$3,500 leaving the net cost of the colony for the year \$3,000. Wages are paid at the rate of 10 cents a day. Clothes are provided free on entrance, but subsequent requirements are charged to the colonists. Admission is reserved for those who are willing to work, so as to prevent the colony from becoming the resort of professional vagabonds. The total cost a day per man is 25 cents. The net total cost in money is 16 cents. Fire, light, washing, etc., a man per day costs a cents. Thirty three per cent, of the invares were placed is permanent situations by the colony.

French La.

The greatest of liniments! Mrs. E. M. Deviloss, Triadelphia, Mil., writes: "I us Salvation Oil for sore throat, rheumatism, etc., and find it isone of the best liniments out The fault-fluder we have always with un

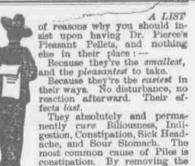
When Gabriel blows his last trump some dis-agreeable carper will complain that he hasn't hit the right key. "None better." Mr. Thorons Buckley web-ing from the Iron Works, Elm St., Troy, N. Y., says: "Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is one of the fluest cough syrups for colds. None bet-ter. I always use it."

The man who has lived for bimself has the Tun principal causes of sick headache, bilfourness and cold chills are found in the stom-ach and liver. Cured by Beecham's Pills. An upturned tack is a very emphatic form

of exclamation point. "Hanson's Magic Cora Salva."

Warranted to curs, or money refunitil Ask
your drugglet for it. Price 15 cents. A theatrical company is charitable when it plays to a poor bouse.

Shiloh's Consumption Curs
Is sold on a guarantee. It curs Incident Consumption, It is the best Cough Curs. Sets, focts. & \$1.02 You can easily fill the public eyelf you only



constipation. By removing the cause a cure is effected.

Cause a cure is effected.

Montgomery, Orange Co., N. Y.

Dr. Pierce: Dear Sir — I suffered untold misery with bleeding piles. I could get no relief night or day, until I commenced using your "Pleasant Fellets," and now for two years or more. I have not been troubled with the piles: if my bowels get in a matipate condition, I take a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and the trouble is all dispelled by next day. Mary Barrelast

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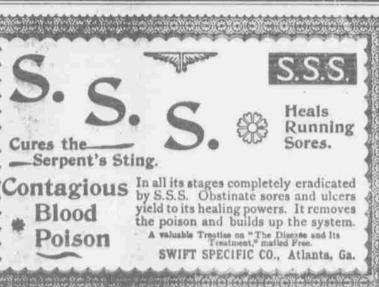
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